THE SOUL OF LUCILLE

By GRAHAM BROWN

SYNOPSIS.

The Rev. Gilbert Rutherfurd, a stalwart young minister, determines to rescue Lucy Chancellor, a rich and attractive orphan, from her wordly ways, and knocks down one of her admirers who scoffs at him. The girl is genuinely good-hearted, but inherits a strain of waywardness from her mother, who was a pleasure-loving French woman.

The minister's duty calls lead to a mutual attraction, which culminates in their marriage, and on their return they are received by their parishioners with great acclaim.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

Then, standing immediately behind her husband's chair, a mischievous light danced in Lucy's eyes. She extended her hand and roguishly pretended to brush the back of the minister's head. At this there was a roar of laughter, and he turned round inquiringly. But his wife was in the act of closely scrutinizing the silver work, and her look was as innocent as any child's.

She stepped to the front beside her husband and began her long-thought-out speech. "My husband," and she laid a hand on his shoulder—"my husband has kindly offered to reply for me, but it would be a shame to load his shoulders with burdens not his own, wouldn't it, dear?" and she bent over him.

It was done with such inimitable sweetness and delicacy that she fairly charmed the audience, although there were a few who thought that she was a bold, brazen huzzy and would come to no good. These were those who had never sunk so low as to call their husbands "dear" until after they were gone forever.

The minister looked a little troubled, but it did not seem to affect her spirits even a little. "I cannot make speeches," she said softly, "but instead I would like to sing to you," and she moved over to the piano.

She ran her hands over the jingling keys and played snatches of opera as her fancy willed. Then, imperceptibly, she glided into "Home, Sweet Home," and in a moment the church was filled with the beautiful melody:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

As the first words rang out clear there was a hush over the church, and more than one furtively brushed the tear from his eye.

As she rose from her chair a storm of applause broke out, unrestrained, fervid. There was a tramping of feet and much clapping of hands, and, it is to be recorded, not a little whistling and some shouts from the back seats. She stood facing the audience, and at last there was quietness, but not before she had waved her hand many times in token of her desire.

She was about to speak, when the old chairman staggered to his feet, and there was a suspicion of a tear in his rheumy eye.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a quivering voice, "when we came into this place we did not expect to hear the like o' that. It seems to me that this is the first time I have really heard 'Home, Sweet Home,' an' I don't think it'll ever fade frae my memory, or frae yours ayther. In the name o' the audience I wad ask you—I wad beg you, Mistress Rutherfurd — to favor us wi' anither sang."

There was a renewed outburst of applause at this, and she could not but once more sit down at the piano. "What shall I sing?" she said to herself, and it was plain that she was much excited. She pursed her rosy lips and knit her brow, what time her fingers flashed over the noisy keys. Then, looking up, she suddenly dashed into the song of the demented bride, "Oh, Gioja, che si senti."

She had only sung a few bars of the wonderful aria when she glanced at her husband's face. It was white and stricken, and a look of dumb reproach glistened in his eyes. In a moment she stopped her song and, turning to the audience, now sitting in breathless quiet, she said: "I'm afraid I—I cannot sing that beautiful song. What shall I sing? The first time I ever opened my lips in praise in this dear old church we sang a hymn which has been my favorite ever since. Shall I sing you that?" and she began, in her wonderful soprano voice:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

And the look in her husband's eyes filled her heart with a great joy.

It was the climax of a night long to be remembered in the district, and at the close of the song the old chairman, with rare tact born of long experience, said in a low, shaky voice: "And now I'll just ask our dear pastor to pronounce the benediction."

"Man, Sandy, thon was singing!" said Alick Arneil as he trudged home in the moonlight.

"Aye, man Alick," said his companion, "she hadna' sung a line o' 'Home, Sweet Home' till I felt a lump in my throat, an' I could hae fairly cried oot. It made me that queer."

"But I'm thinkin' the minister hasna' his sorrows to seek. When she broke oot intil that Italian song I saw his face as if he had a toothache yank-yankin' in his jaw. There's trouble in store for the puir man, or my name's no Alick Arneil."

And his name was Alick Arneil.

CHAPTER IX.

Treacherous Waters.

For a long time the course of the river of the love of Gilbert Rutherfurd and his young wife flowed in broad, smooth reaches, with never an eddying swirl or tumbling cataract, but to Lucy Chancellor there was always present the fear that a bend in the stream would lead to the dangerous rapids ahead. She alone knew of the tremendous self-restraint under which she had put herself, and like the reclaimed drunkard, she dreaded lest in an unguarded moment she would have to answer to the call of the blood.

Yet these were months when she won golden opinions. The tongues of the gossips and those who loved to prophesy evil were hushed in the open beauty and kindliness of her life. And now there was—there never had been—such a minister's wife in all the county, and her piety and zeal made her almost an object of worship. As the months sped on the fears of the young minister himself took flight, and he hated himself for the doubts that had once found a lurking place in his heart. The work of the congregation at Wanlock grew mightily, and in the midst of it all Lucy moved like an uncrowned queen, or, rather, like an angel come down from heaven to tabernacle among common men for a season.

In this Eden of peace and love they lived, what time the hills were shrouded in their winter mantle and the cry of the moor birds was stilled. And then an event happened which, although they knew it not, was fraught with most momentous consequences to both of them.

They were sitting at breakfast in the manse one morning. It was May morning, and, laughing merrily, they had been arranging for a day in the country alone—a long, glorious day, far away from the cares of their work, given over to sweet, sweet love. They were to start immediately after breakfast, going in the motor, first of all, to Dalveen House to see to the progress of the work of mercy which she had continuously carried on with unflagging zeal. Then, after an early lunch, they were to speed right away into the heart of the country, as far away from any place as they could possibly get, to breathe the pure air up among the hills near Merrick and the Dungeon of Buchan.

"Oh, it will be glorious," she said, going to the window. "I like when May comes round."

Sit by my side and talk of love together,
As once in May, as once in May,

she trilled. "Oh, you dear old darling, why do you make me so happy?"

Tiptoeing up to him, she stood behind his chair, and, leaning over, kissed him on the brow. "Oh, how funny your dear old face looks upside down," she said, with a laugh.

Suddenly she stood erect, blushing scarlet, as the maid entered with the morning's letters. For a long time she sat devouring her own, and all at once the minister sprang from his chair. "Oh, darling," he exclaimed, and his face was beaming, "you'll never guess!"

"Good news," she said, laughing heartily. "I can see it in your face."

"Yes," he said, going over to her, "the best ever I got, except when you stood knee-deep in the purple heather and said, 'I love you,'" and he kissed the laughing lips.

"But the news, dear?" she said. "You've not told me the glad tidings."

"Lucy," he said, speaking low, "I've got a call to Edinburgh—to St. Columbia's, one of the leading churches in the city."

But if he looked for the radiant joy to light up her face he was disappointed. Instead she became suddenly grave, and all the color fled from her cheeks. "And will you go?" she asked in trembling tones.

"Of course, dear heart," he replied. "Who would hesitate? It is the chance of a lifetime."

"I—I don't want to go," she said, bending her head, not daring to look him in the face.

"Not want to go, Lucy?" he said in amazement. "Think of Edinburgh! Glorious Athens of the North! What have we here? We see nothing year after year but the everlasting hills and the heather, we hear nothing but the 'gurr' of the snipe or the complaints of the querulous peewit. I cannot understand why you should hesitate for a moment."

And she could not tell him. She spoke of her love toward the simple people—she told him that it was her home, that she had no longing for the stir of a city life, that she had her Dalveen House schemes to see to every day, that she had been so happy there, that it was the place sacred to the memory of their love and their troth, that here she was within sight of the last resting place of her dear mother and father. She brought forth every reason likely to induce him to remain, but the real one she hid in her heart, almost dreading to consider it herself.

The daughter of Lucille de la Valliere knew well what it had cost her to resist the promptings of her mother's blood, which surged in her veins, and she knew that the struggle would be ten times harder amid the temptations and allurements of a great city like Edinburgh, and especially among the wealthy and aristocratic society people with whom she would be called to mingle. But her husband, in his great love which "casteth out fear," saw nothing of the pathos of her pleading, and lightly overruled every objection as soon as it was uttered.

And, indeed, she begged him to remain among the hills and moors with the hopelessness of one who knew her case for a lost one, and when, a week later, he told her that he had decided to accept the "call," she listened to his words in passionless silence, and he in his blindness thought that all her scruples had taken wings and fled.

But there was one relief to her from the premonitions of evil that knocked at her heart's door with painful insistency. They were to be allowed to spend a whole glorious summer amid the wilds of the Lowthers, and in these calm months she would fortify herself against the temptations that would crowd upon her at the coming of winter. And oh, with what pathetic eagerness she toiled at the outworks of her fortifications! Yet how sadly she realized that the enemy to be feared was within the camp, seated in the very citadel of her resolve! How painfully she erected a barrier to keep the wild beast out, knowing all the time that the crouching lion was at the very heart of things, ready to be aroused at the first taste of blood.

Yet her doting husband knew nothing of all this, and saw in her unflagging zeal only the passion of a deeply religious soul, and many times he wondered why such love and happiness should come to him—unworthy.

And so they went to Edinburgh, leaving sad hearts and tearful eyes behind. Although he himself was a son of the people, yet the fact that his wife was the daughter of Sir Anthony Chancellor, and distant relative of the Earl of Stanmore, opened the doors of many a west end mansion to them, and invitations to society functions poured in.

At first she refused these with the decision of one whose mind was made up before ever the coroneted seals were broken, and, in a vague way, he was glad. They had come to Edinburgh not to be the pets and darlings of society, with a capital "S," but to live for others. But as the months of winter dragged on he noticed a languor and a listlessness stealing over her and the cheek of peach-bloom becoming pale as lily petal; also, some of the brightness had gone out of the clear, limpid eye, and the smile looked to him forced and wan and weary.

In his heart he was troubled about it all, and was beginning to blame himself for bringing this child of nature from the breezes of the mountain and moor into the artificial atmosphere and hot-house life of a hurrying town. But not for a moment did he divine the real cause, and even she tried to hide it from herself, though deep in the back of her mind she was conscious more and more that this city of delight was calling to her with a charmed voice and that some day the barriers of her resolves, forged so laboriously under the gray sky of the Lowthers, would be burst asunder as barricades of straw at the first determined onrush of the enemy.

"Darling," he said to her one day, taking her hand tenderly, "you are wearying of this monotonous life. Don't you think you are putting needless restrains upon yourself?"

"You mean——" she said, and then paused, looking at his pale, serious face.

"I mean that you must give yourself some relaxation. There is a medium in all things. Won't you come to—to London—to Paris—for a week?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said hastily, as if warding off some subtle temptation. "If we go anywhere let us go into the country."

"Oh, nonsense, Lucy!" he said, with just a trace of irritation in his voice. "You must give yourself a little amusement or you'll turn into a perfect hermit."

"But you once said to me, 'If thine eye be evil, pluck it out,' and perhaps even yet—even yet the call of the blood may become too strong for me."

"Look here, Lucy," he answered, "you are getting morbid. You were a weak girl then; you are a strong woman now. What were then temptations to be shunned are now relaxations to be gratefully taken advantage of."

"Do you think so?" she asked wistfully.

"I do, Lucy, my dearest wife," he replied without a moment's hesitation, "and to show how much I trust you I am going to take you to see Mme. Tosca play the part of the demented bride in Donizetti's 'Lucia' on Monday."

"Mme. Tosca!" she exclaimed. 'Annette Michelin! Is she coming to Edinburgh?"

"Annette Michelin?" he said in surprise. "Whom are you talking about, dear?"

"I am talking about Annette Michelin, or Mme. Tosca, as she calls herself," said his wife. "I have good cause to know her—aye, and to hate her with a holy hatred. But do not ask about it, dear," and her voice was low and pleading. "I will never willingly look upon the face of this woman. Never!"

They were standing at the study fire, and he stole an arm round her waist. He saw her extreme agitation, and affectionately patted the pale cheek. In a vague way he felt that he was standing on the brink of a chasm, that a look or a word from him might lead to the revelation of secrets which, once told, would alter for him the whole course of his love. Yet he could not forbear but say earnestly. "Is it such an awful secret, dearest?"

"You will not perhaps think much of it," she said sadly, "but to me it is the saddest and most painful memory and one that will haunt me to the last hour of life."

"Then, dear," he said, "keep it locked up in your memory. I trust you with all my heart," and he kissed her on the lips.

"Oh, Gilbert, dear heart," she replied, "that very word forces me to tell you. You say you trust me, but that tells me that in your heart there is a great lurking fear that I am not all you think me to be."

A shadowy premonition of coming ill was, like a cruel hand, crushing his heart, and for a long time he was silent. "If you think I ought to know, dear," he said at last, "tell your husband everything."

"I have cause to remember Annette Michelin with hatred," said Lucy Chancellor dreamily. "She—she came between dear father and mother, and—and, oh! she is, or was then, the devil incarnate!" She spoke with sudden fierceness and clenched her little hands tightly.

"You see," she continued after a pause, during which he could hear his heart beating violently, "I was only a child then. We were staying at Biarritz—that is, father, mother, and myself. I do not know how she did it, but she made father think that my dear, sweet, lovely mother was untrue to him, and in his fiery anger he struck her down before my very eyes, and as she lay I heard—I hear let—the mocking laugh of this—this fiend. And mother cried to me, and afterward told me that with all her faults—and they were many—she had been true in every thought to father, for she loved him with a passion that he never understood. I think it broke her heart. Oh, I cannot help it—I hate that woman!"

He took her hand tenderly. 'And is that all?" he asked softly.

"Mother left father that night, and I went with her. I was young at the time, but to this day I remember the suffering and privation of those last three months. And when she came home to Scotland to die he would not so much as look upon her face until she had come to the last days of her life. Oh, he was cruel, and that is to me the most bitter memory of my life."

Her husband kissed away the tears. "You will never doubt me, dear," she said, softly, "even though appearances are against me?"

"Lucy," he said, in pained surprise, "what a thing to say! I'll never have reason to doubt you."

"But if you had," she continued, "you would believe in my love and my truth?"

"My dear girl," he said, "what makes you speak like that? Why are there tears in your eyes?"

"Promise me, darling," she said, with wistful entreaty.

"Of course I do," he answered, "with all my heart. I will never let doubt or jealousy enter my mind. I know your love too well."

And he thought he had said the last word on the matter.

CHAPTER X.

Annette Michelin.

They went to the Lyceum on the Monday night. It was the first time they had ever entered a theater together; it was the first time he had done so in his life. Soon they were seated in the darkest corner of a box, and his wife's eagerness to remain unseen suited his own purposes well. Somehow he felt that he was not where he ought to be, and a vague sense of shame took him. Yet, in spite of himself, he could not but be interested in the opera. He was childishly delighted with everything, and he was surprised at his wife's apparent indifference.

Lucy sat in her dark corner as if bored to death, and even the appearance of the famous Mme. Tosca in the first act failed to rouse her. But in the third act, in which the prima donna, as the demented bride, sings that wonderful aria, which in itself redeems the whole opera, she came forward eagerly and listened to the song in breathless stillness. There was no doubt that Mme. Tosca had by her supreme effort lifted the whole play above the commonplace, and she was cheered to the echo by the vast assemblage. But Lucy sat still and silent till the last echoes of the applause had died away.

"SHE RAN HER HANDS OVER THE KEYS AND PLAYED SNATCHES OF OPERA AS HER FANCY WILLED."

Then she turned to her husband and said: "Let us go home now. I want to hear no more."

For a long time she sat by his side in the brougham and not a syllable was uttered. "What are you thinking, dear?" he asked, tenderly, taking her little hand in his.

"I was thinking that that woman cannot sing. My blood is surging to rival her," she answered with a strange energy.

"And I'm sure you could," said he lightly; but in his heart he knew that his words were only meant to soothe her.

"Oh, nonsense," she said; "but we should not have gone. It has upset me, as I knew it would."

"I am sorry," was all he said, and again they relapsed into silence.

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"And so you have really made up your mind to go to the Kelways on Monday night, Lucy, dear?"

He was standing by the fire with the open invitation in his hand. "I've really made up my mind," she answered, smiling gayly, patting his cheek. "Why is he so fearfully sad to-day?"

Indeed, Gilbert Rutherfurd looked careworn and weary, and a vague, shadowy apprehension filled his heart.

"Lucy, darling," he said, pleadingly, "I—I think you should not go. It will only upset you again to meet this Mme. Tosca, and I am afraid that—that——"

"That she will lower me in my husband's eyes, is that it? You needn't fear, darling. I really do want to meet her, and for the first time I want my own way."

They had been invited by the Kelways, curiously, "what is it that you are afraid of?" she asked. "Don't you trust me?"

Of course, she had her way. Of course, they went to Kelway's to meet the distinguished diva. And well had it been for two loving souls had she listened to the feeble voice that spoke its warning in her heart.

The "Cedars" was the name of a country mansion about six miles to the south of Edinburgh, but with a fast-going motor this is a negligible distance. Lucy and her husband sat in the tonneau and Carl French drove the car at a pace to suit the mood of his mistress. Almost in a flash they were careering up the long avenue. It was late, for Lucy had planned that she should arrive after all the other guests. As she drove along she wondered if Mme. Tosca would remember in the minister's wife the little girl who had called the ill-starred Lucille de la Valliere "mother."

They were the last to enter the drawing-room, and with inimitable grace she slowly made her way across the broad space to the chair on which the prima donna was seated in animated conversation with old Gen. Melville. There was that in Lucy—in the extreme beauty of her face and figure and in the charm of her every movement—that caused the whole party to hush their prattle and look up.

Mme. Tosca rose, and in her eyes there flashed a look of feline cunning. "Lucille de la Valliere," she said, with an affectation of carelessness, but it was plain that she was much disturbed by the apparition of the woman she had so cruelly wronged.

"Annette Michelin," said Lucy, making a profound bow, mimicking to perfection the tone and manner of the great singer. "I should like to sit beside you."

For a moment Mme. Tosca hesitated, but the general, with the alacrity of a man of twenty, bounded from his chair.

Mme. Tosca sat with pursed lip for a moment, then rose and made her way to another part of the room, but Lucy did not seem to perceive the slight. Indeed, as the evening wore on she grew more and more animated. She was a consummate actor, with a charm which it is as hard to describe as it is rare, and it was not long until, by her vivacity and her gayety, she had made herself the center of brilliance round which the mere men buzzed like moths.

As her animation increased her husband became more and more silent and reserved, and she saw it. She read a world of reproach in his dark eyes. But the fever was in her blood and she felt herself carried along on a torrent which defied her will.

The talk naturally drifted to the opera and to the part that Mme. Tosca had played so superbly. All were complimenting her, when Lucy said loud enough for every one to hear: "I do not think Mme. Tosca sings that song at all as it should be sung."

It was as if a bombshell had been thrown into the brilliant gathering. But in a moment a smile of something like pity overspread the faces of all present, and the young minister wished the floor would open and receive him.

But Lucy only smiled sweetly, and said to a famous pianist who was one of the guests: "If you care, I will show you how that song ought to be sung."

His looks besought her to desist from the rash act of making a fool of herself, but when he saw the determination in her glance he went over to the piano and played the first bars of the song. Lucy followed him, and an elfin light burned in her eyes.

"Play it in the proper key," she said loudly.

"But do you know——" he began.

"Yes; I would like to sing it in the key in which it is written."

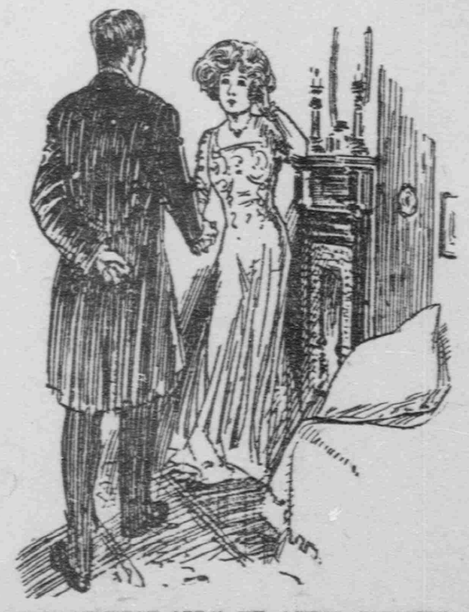
He felt that she was rushing toward the ridiculous, and he would have saved her; but at Lucy's peremptory word he hardened his heart. For he had never heard one who could sing the cadenza as written, ending as it does in a note far beyond the reach of the human voice, as he knew it.

She began her song, and after a few bars the company knew that a singer of brilliant powers was in their midst. They were thrilled with the marvelous voice that filled the room. With easy grace she sang on, "Oh, Gioja, che si senti," in a voice of marvelous power and sweetness. Admiration gave place to wonder. "Marvelous, simply marvelous!" exclaimed the great maestro, rising from the piano. "I never thought to hear singing such as zis!"

The little company of artists fluttered round Lucy, and besought her to sing again. Only Mme. Tosca sat apart, silent, glowering.

But Lucy knew that the climax of her triumph had come, and she refused to open her mouth again. She had utterly forgotten the presence of her husband, but as she glanced at his face her own grew white and tense. He was standing a little apart, his face drawn as if in agony, and she almost thought she saw the fire of a great reproach burning in his coal-black eyes. Her position suddenly flashed upon her. After years of painful restraint the crouching lion had been aroused. The fever in her blood had effectually burned up the cords of her resolve. She had been carried away by some power, not herself, and when it was over she felt sick at heart. Yet she could not but rejoice in that one glorious hour of crowded life.

Her husband approached slowly, and in her heart there was a dread of something



"'AND IS THAT ALL?' HE ASKED SOFTLY."

of the "Cedars," to supper, and in order to meet the new diva and one or two of the principal members of the cast. To invitations such as these Lucy had up till the present sent an uncompromising "no," and the minister was not a little troubled at her change of attitude, forgetting that only a few days before he had urged her to go a little more into society. But he could not forget at the same time that once already Mme. Tosca had crossed her life, bringing nothing but shame and heart-break and misery with her, and somehow he trembled lest history might repeat itself and his life be ruined.

"I think you should not go to meet that—that person," he said, with decision.

"But that is just what I am going to do, Bert," and she looked into his eyes coming. But instead, he said gently, "Would you like to go home now, dear?" and she was thankful for the innate courtesy of the man that made him hide his feelings for her sake. A gush of tenderest affection welled up in her heart.

"Yes, Bertie dear," she said wearily; "I would like to go home now. It is late."

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

HIS $500,000 WAISTCOAT.

Cost Him a Share in an Oil Well, Says the Oldtimer.

"I was so prosperous in 1862 as to be able to have two vests," said a veteran newspaper man to a New York Sun reporter, "and one of those vests cost me $500,000. Solomon in all his glory never put up as much as that, I believe, for his whole wardrobe. I could get a vest every bit as good as that now for $1.50.

"This happened in Oil Creek, in the early days of petroleum. I had wandered over there in 1862. I was only a kid, but I had saved $50. About that time the flowing oil wells were being struck. Men who were poor one day were finding themselves millionaires the next. I suppose there are a good many people out there yet who remember Jim Sherman. When I first met Jim he hadn't as much money as I had, but he had a lease on one corner of what was known as the Foster farm and was trying to find oil on it.

"For some reason or other speculation hadn't cast the eye of favor on the Foster farm as yet, but Jim Sherman believed it had the oil sand under it, and on the strength of Jim's faith his wife had put in every cent she had received as a legacy from her father, $500, to help Jim out in his veture. When I ran up against Jim I had been in the region only a couple of days and my $50 was still intact. I had a boarding place about half a mile from where Jim was struggling to get his well into the sand he believed in. He had exchanged an eighth interest in his well for a drilling engine, and he had disposed of a sixteenth interest for $60 in cash and a shotgun, and that $60 and the $15 he sold the shotgun for, together with $100 he had received for a horse which he had traded another sixteenth interest in his well for, had all been absorbed and the drill had not yet struck oil.

"It was at this interesting condition of the Sherman well that I ran up against Jim. He was in despair. He had no hope of being able to obtain another dollar. He had been offering another sixteenth interest in his lease for $50, with no takers. I thought the matter over a while and then said to Jim that I would take that one-sixteenth.

"'Produce the $50!' said he.

"I felt for my $50. It wasn't there, and I at once remembered that I had put on my other vest when I came out and had forgotten to change my little wad of wealth to it from the pocket of the vest I had taken off. I explained matters to Jim Sherman and started at once for my boarding-house to get the money. I got it all right, and was on my way back to invest it in the Sherman oil well when I saw people running wildly from every direction toward the Sherman lease and heard them yelling:

"'Jim's struck it, by —! And struck it big!'

"So he had. While I was away to get the $50 I had left in my other vest the drill in the Sherman well had dropped into the sand, and she was spouting at a 2,000-barrel rate; and she kept on spouting for two years. Before she quit she had spouted more than 2,000,000 barrels of oil, and the average price of oil during that time was $4 a barrel. Jim Sherman cleared up something like $6,000,000 out of it, and if I hadn't been so prosperous that I was able to have two vests 125,000 barrels of that oil would have been mine. That's how one of those vests cost me $500,000."

FATE OF SOME PINS.

The Disappearance of at Least a Few Thousand Accounted For.

From the New York Sun.

"It's an old question what becomes of all the pins, and I wouldn't undertake to tell what becomes of all of them; but," said a young woman who had just had her new spring coat fitted, "I can tell you what becomes of some of them.

"The fitter uses many pins in pinning up seams. She may carry about with her a big cushion stuck full of pins, handy to get at, or she may have a paper of pins hanging down from her belt; and when she fits she finds use for many pins.

"She pins and pins and pins, and sometimes in reaching for a pin or in pinning or in taking pins out she drops one of them. She doesn't stop to pick that pin up, for that would be a waste of time and effort; she simply lets that pin lie where it fell and reaches to her cushion or the paper of pins that she carries for another; and so in the course of a day the floor of a fitting room gets littered with pins.

"Then does somebody at the end of the day when they straighten things out pick up these pins and save them? No. It wouldn't pay. It would take time to pick them up, and time, labor, costs money. It is cheaper to buy new pins than it would be to pick and save these pins that have been dropped.

"So these dropped pins are not picked up, they are simply swept out with the rest of the litter, and that is the last of them. There must be hundreds of fitting rooms in New York and they would account for the disappearance of at least a few thousands of pins daily."

Chinese Scholar on Marriage.

From Tit-Bits.

Sir Robert Hart, speaking of marriage and death customs in the Far East, tells a story of a great Chinese scholar and high official who said that our foreign way of letting the young people fall in love and chose and the Chinese way of first marrying and then making acquaintance reminded him of two kettles of water; the first—the foreign—was taken at the boiling point from the fire by marriage and then grew cooler and cooler, whereas the second—the Chinese—was a kettle of cold water put on the fire by wedlock and ever afterward growing warmer and warmer, "so that," said his friend, "after fifty or sixty years we are madly in love with each other!"

In 1950.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I suppose you had hardships in your early days, grandpop?"

"Yes; many a time I got up of a winter morning and walked four blocks to borrow a book from a Carnegie Library. They didn't deliver the books in those days."